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From the People's Journal.
Memoir of William Lloyd Garrison.

BY MARY HOWITT.

(Continued.)

We give below the conclusion of Mrs. Howitt's Memoir of W. L. Garrison. Owing to some delay in England, the number of the People's Journal containing it was only received within the week.—A. S. Standard.

The life of this truly great and good man has been so entirely devoted to the Anti-Slavery cause, that we cannot give a sketch of the one without tracing, in some measure, the progress of the other. The patience, the forbearance, the steadfast perseverance through good and through evil, the self-sacrifice, and self-renunciation, of the martyrs of emancipation, had drawn upon the cause the eyes of the whole country; and sympathy and conviction swelled their ranks every day, not with merely enthusiastic partisans, but with the most noble, the most intellectual, the most morally great men and women of the land.

In 1835, therefore, a new impetus was given to the Anti-Slavery movement, by the public labors of two remarkable women, who had become convinced of the guilt of slaveholding. These were Angelina and Sarah Grimké, the daughters of the Honorable Thomas B. Grimké, an eminent citizen of South Carolina. By the death of their father, they inherited a large amount of slave property. In opposition to the laws of their country, in the first instance, they endeavored to improve the condition of their slaves, by establishing schools among them, and introducing the habits of free society. But all their efforts were fruitless: the state of Slavery around them could neither permit nor make availing their humane labors. Sacrificing, therefore, their worldly interests to their conscientious sense of duty, they liberated their slaves, removed them to a free district, where they would be able to maintain themselves, and then, with the small remains of their once noble fortunes, came to Philadelphia; where, naturally allying themselves to the emancipation cause, they became the most active and influential of its workers. They had also embraced the religious opinions of the Society of Friends, which, among other things, gives to woman a moral responsibility hardly acknowledged, at least, as far as action goes, by other religious bodies. They had thus been accustomed to speak in public, and their style of speaking was singularly impressive. Angelina, in particular, was a close reasoner and eloquent declaimer.

Before long, they conceived that duty called them, to speak publicly on the subject of Slavery—that system which from experience they knew to have horribly brutalized more than a million of their sex—and they consequently began to travel, and deliver their public testimony, both as Christian women and repentant slaveholders, against the enslavement of any portion of the human race. They came to Massachusetts, which became the principal field of their labors. At first, they addressed audiences composed exclusively of women; but so general became the curiosity to hear them, that immense assemblies of both sexes gathered wherever they spoke, and the most electric effects were produced by their energetic and powerful eloquence.

Alarmed at this strange innovation, and deeming it a dangerous precedent to be set to the women of the United States, the Calvinistic clergy of Massachusetts, connected with what is called "The General Association," issued a *bull* against them, in the name, and by the authority, of the apostle Paul, and warned the churches to receive no countenance in their unsuperseded course. They defended themselves with signal ability, and Sarah Grimké published an ably-written series of letters on the subject, entitled—"The Equality of the Sexes," which was the origin of what is called, in America, the "Woman's Rights Question," and which has become, as will be seen, mixed up with the emancipation movement. Of course, it was now necessary for the Abolitionists either to justify the course these powerful co-laborers were taking, or to join with the pro-slavery clergy in condemning and rejecting them.

The great body of Abolitionists, with Garrison at their head, bade them God speed! and thus established the principle of women being morally and politically equal to men. The clergy of the "orthodox" stamp still continued to show the most hostile spirit to the labors of women, and used every means in their power to get the management of the abolition cause into their own hands. They made a violent attempt at this in May, 1839, at the annual meeting of the "Anti-Slavery Society," in the city of New York, by denying that female members had a right to take part in the proceedings; but in this they were fortunately defeated. They then announced that, if the question was still carried in opposition to their views at the next annual meeting, they would secede from the society altogether.

The time of that meeting came, and will ever be memorable in the annals of the Anti-Slavery cause in America. The clergy had exerted every influence in their power to insure an overwhelming attendance of such as held their views of the question. The meeting was immense. The question immediately came on. Kelley's name was proposed. She was a member of the Society of Friends, one of the most gifted and self-sacrificing of women, a noble creature in the noblest sense of the word, and one who has, since then, done more by her public lectures, and extraordinary labors, towards the overthrow of Slavery, than any other lecturer whatever. She is one of those who, in the unshrinking achievement of good works, is deserved, and will obtain, immortal honor.—Such are the glorious women who have come forth in this extraordinary movement, clearly proving their own moral and intellectual greatness, whilst they undermine the stronghold of Slavery, prejudice, and selfishness. The question was—Should Abby Kelley sit on the committee? A large majority of votes

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

VOL. 2.—NO. 34.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, MARCH 26, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 86.

From the National Era. The Constitutional Question—Anti-Slavery Men.

We proceed at once to notice the following resolutions of the State Liberty Convention of Massachusetts:

Resolved, That, to secure human rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just power from the consent of the governed—but the power and scope of such governments cannot extend so far as to conflict with the natural rights of man, or be inconsistent with the principles of natural justice.

Resolved, That the Constitution of the United States does not establish slavery, nor give it any legal existence; nor does it, by any fair interpretation, sanction it, within the States. Nor could it so sanction it, even had its framers so intended, inasmuch as slavery had at that time no legal existence in any of the States of the Union: Because, first, the colonial charters did not authorize it. Secondly, the trade between the Colonies and America was never legalized by Great Britain. Thirdly, the decision of the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Somerset, in 1773, settled the law of the land, as applicable to the Colonies as to any part of Great Britain. Fourthly, the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, became a fundamental law of the land, with which slavery was necessarily inconsistent. Fifthly, none of the Constitutions of the then States recognize it. And, sixthly, because slavery is inconsistent with natural right and justice, and its establishment lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority.

The first resolution affirms, that "the power and scope" of a government founded upon the consent of the governed, "cannot extend so far as to conflict with the natural rights of man, or be inconsistent with the principles of natural justice." No comment upon this would be needed, were it not for the doctrine, recently broached by some, that law is no law unless it be a righteous one—a doctrine with no other force than that derived from a mere play on words. Whether the "power and scope" of such a government as that named above, can extend so far as to conflict with the natural rights of man, is a mere question of fact. The right to violate the natural rights of man, or act inconsistently with the principles of natural justice, certainly exists nowhere. But that "the power and scope" (the last term meaning design or purpose) of such a government may extend so far as to conflict with natural rights, is proved by the fact, that some of our Governments in this country are continually sanctioning and enforcing the violation of such rights.

"Ah! but they are not just Governments," it is said. It is then meant by the proposition, that no just government can, in its provisions, "conflict with natural rights and the principles of natural justice." This is a truism—a just government certainly cannot at the same time be an unjust one.

But it is the second resolution which deserves special comment. It is often remarked, that it is unwise to make any concession to Slavery. So it is. And not only unwise, but indefensible. But it is always proper to make concessions demanded by the Truth. An unscrupulous argument or an erroneous statement, put forth against slavery, tends to strengthen its claims.

We agree with the declaration, that the Constitution of the United States does not establish slavery, or give it any legal existence. We go further, and affirm, that it confers no power upon the Government to establish slavery, or give it legal existence. Nor does it give any legal sanction to the system. But by no means do we assent to the position that "it could not have given such a sanction, even had its framers so intended;" nor do we admit the truth generally of the allegations made in support of this position. As to the Colonial Charters, we shall say nothing about them, for we have no opportunity now to examine them. But, so far as we remember, they did not prohibit the establishment of slavery, and were not repugnant to it.

2. On what ground the second statement is made, we are at a loss to understand. The trade in slaves between the Colonies and Africa was recognized as a legal commerce—was sanctioned by the Crown—was perpetuated by the use of the royal veto, in opposition to the express will of some of the colonies. These are facts attested by history.—So far back as the year 1733, the Legislature of Virginia began to legislate against the foreign slave trade. The duties upon slave importation were increased, from time to time, till, in 1772, they amounted to above forty per cent. In the same year, a petition on the subject was presented to the Throne, from the House of Burgesses of Virginia. It says that the commerce in slaves had "long been considered as a trade of great inhumanity, and under its present encouragement," it threatened the existence of His Majesty's colonies. After showing that though some of his Majesty's subjects of Great Britain might reap emolument from it, it greatly retarded the settlement of the colonies, it concluded as follows:

"Deeply impressed with these sentiments, we most humbly beseech your Majesty to rescind all these *rewards* on your Majesty's Governors of this colony, which prohibit their venturing to such laws as might check so very pernicious a commerce."

How does this plain statement of facts contrast with the declaration that the trade in slaves was never legalized by Great Britain? In the Constitution of Virginia, "the inhuman use of the royal negative," in refusing permission to exclude slaves from the colonies, was assigned as one of the reasons for separating from Great Britain. Besides, why was it found necessary to agitate so long and earnestly to procure a law abolishing the slave trade between Africa and the British colonies, if that trade was never legalized by Great Britain?

3. The third statement is, that "the decision of the Court of King's Bench, in the case of Somerset, in 1773, settled the law of the land, as applicable to the colonies as to any part of Great Britain." This cannot be true; else, why was compensation allowed by the British Government to our slaves owned in this country, wrecked upon the Bermuda islands, before the abolition of slavery there? It will be recollected that our Government, with a pertinacious fidelity to the slave power, ever characteristic of it, demanded compensation for slaves in certain vessels, the *Essex*, *Conet*, and *Hermione*, wrecked on the British West India islands, whereby the slaves were made free.—One of the vessels was lost prior to the act of abolition in the colonies; and for the slaves on board that vessel, if we recollect aright, compensation was awarded; the principle was thus recognized, that the colonies being slaveholding, the decision in the case of Somerset did not apply to them. Compensation was denied in the other cases, because the transaction took place after the abolition of slavery in the islands.

4. It is said, fourthly, that "the Declaration of Independence, in 1776, became a fundamental law of the land, with which slavery was necessarily inconsistent." Doubtless slavery, in all its parts, is inconsistent with the Declaration of Independence; but where is the authority for saying that this became the fundamental law of the land? The people of the colonies did not so ordain. Nothing in the Declaration itself gives countenance to this idea. The Supreme Court of the United States has never so ruled. The Constitution of the United States, behind which there is no higher authority than the ultimate sovereignty of the people, does not so recognize it. Let us not impose an agreeable fiction upon our own minds. That Declaration was put forth by the representatives of slaveholding colonies, not as a law, but as a vindication of their separation from Great Britain. In that they affirmed certain great principles as the foundation of all just government, and thereby came under a moral obligation to carry out those principles faithfully in their own case; but they did not ordain them as the fundamental law of the Government they were about to originate. Nor could these principles have any legal force over them, until declared to be law. When they came to form the Constitution, their language was this: "We do hereby ordain and establish this Constitution," &c. This is the fundamental and the only fundamental law of the land. We could wish it otherwise. We wish it could be said, with truth, that the Declaration of Independence had been ordained and established by our forefathers as the fundamental law of the land. But we cannot go beyond the record, and believe without evidence.

5. "Fifthly. None of the Constitutions of the then States recognized it." This is scarcely true. Several of the Constitutions of the States at the adoption of the Constitution, contained various provisions recognizing indirectly the condition of slavery. For example, they provided that no free man should be deprived of the right of liberty without, &c., and that every free man should be entitled to vote, &c. This certainly was a recognition of the fact that there were or might be slaves in those commonwealths, and excluded these slaves from certain privileges.

But, what matter if "the Constitutions of the then States" did not recognize it? The *laws* did. In fact, slavery was a part of the social structure. Slaves were first introduced into Virginia in the year 1620. They increased steadily from that time till, in 1776, they constituted a large portion of the inhabitants of the States. During all this period, laws were continually made, recognizing them as slaves; and it does not seem like cavilling to deny, that what had been in existence for more than a century, was imbedded in the local institutions of a State, recognized and guarded by all its laws, and was a component part of the basis of its social system, was not legalized, because not written expressly in the Constitution!

In the year 1663, a law was passed in Virginia, by which all children born in the country "were declared to be bond or free, according to the condition of the mother." In 1667, it was declared that "the conferring of baptism did not alter the condition of the person baptized, as to his bondage or freedom." This was done that the new masters, freed from this dog, may more easily advance the propagation of Christianity, by permitting their slaves to be baptized." In 1693, it was declared, that all "servants brought into this country, by sea or land, not being Christians, who their Masters, Mulattoes, or Indians, except Turks and Moors in amity with Great Britain, and all Indians which should be sold by neighboring Indians, or any others trafficking with us, as slaves, should be slaves to all intents and purposes whatsoever." This act was re-enacted in 1705, and afterwards in 1753.

Here, then, are numerous laws ordaining the condition of slavery, dooming certain persons to that condition, establishing and perpetuating the slaveholding relation, which had already existed for more than a century under the guarantee of the law; and yet the assertion is made, that, at the time of the Constitution adoption, it was not legalized in a single colony! What is true of Virginia is true of all the colonies. It was legalized in Pennsylvania and New York. Else, why did Pennsylvania, and New York, and New Jersey, find it necessary to pass laws abolishing the condition?

6. "Sixthly. Because slavery is inconsistent with natural right and justice, and its establishment lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority." That is, slavery had no legal existence in any of the States of this Union, because its establishment lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority. We respectfully submit that this is a non sequitur. It would be logical to say that slavery has no rightful legal existence, because its establishment lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority; or that it has no legal existence, because its establishment lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority; or that it has no legal existence, because its establishment lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority.

ishment lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority; or that it has no legal existence, because its establishment lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority; but, certainly, the premise—the establishment of slavery "lies beyond the limit of rightful constitutional and legislative authority"—does not warrant the conclusion that it has no legal existence. For there are *bad* as well as *good* laws. There are *unjust* as well as *rightful* laws. An institution may be legal according to human enactments, and yet be contrary to the principles of natural justice, and therefore may be *unjust*, although that act by no means changes their character, or releases from guilt any one who may choose to support them.

In closing, we would state, that we have on hand two communications—one sustaining the old, the other advocating the new terms. We shall publish the former next week, and the latter the week after. A full comparison of views will be profitable. We only speak for ourselves.

Violence of the Abolitionists.

Extract from an able lecture, entitled "Slavery forbidden by the Word of God," by the Rev. David Young, D. D., of Perth, Scotland; delivered in Edinburgh at the request of the Free Church Anti-Slavery Society.

Once more, they seek shelter in the violence of the Abolitionists. A proper punishment! Are other men's sins an expiration for mine? But where are the violent among the Abolitionists? Do they name William Lloyd Garrison, the exorciser of America, and, in some circles, at least, the malignant of Britain? Is he a violent man? Whose head has he broken? Whose house has he set on fire? Whose wife or children has he dragged into bondage? Whom has he instigated to do any thing more than assert the claims of justice and mercy? They call him an infidel: I do not believe it. His creed may differ, in some things, from theirs, or from mine, and yet remain the creed of a Christian; and if he be breathing the spirit of a Christian—if he be casting out devils in the name of Jesus Christ, what right have they to denounce him, because he follows not with them? Let his enemies beware; the sword they are wielding has two edges. If his measures be right, his mistakes in the faith can never make them wrong, and, if their measures be wrong, their soundness in the faith can never make them right. Orthodoxy is a sacred name, and, just because it is a sacred name, few things are more impious than attempts to turn it into a passport for cruelty. But his *violence* and *estimation* never been himself the victim of violence? He has; his character has been assailed; his person has been hunted like a partridge in the wilderness; a price has been set upon his head; his life has been put in peril; and by whom? By the emissaries of oppression—by assassins clothed in orthodoxy—by men, who, in the poet's phrase,

"Are sandals to their times,
Are at a loss to find his faults,
And can't commit his crimes."

That the Abolitionists have never done any thing which was rash or out of place, I am not prepared to assert. It were marvellous; it were almost superhuman, if amidst the difficulties which beset their path, they had never let go the reins of discretion; but suppose them to be as bad as their accusers call them, and their accusers good as they call themselves, what is that to us? The cause of humanity is still the same; and it is surely better to help a bad man in a good cause, than to help a good man in a bad cause. And think of the provocation which these same Abolitionists had to endure. They found the churches fast asleep, and disposed to be angry when their sleep was disturbed; they found the holders and the tormentors of slaves retained in the fellowship, and even in the oversight of the churches; they found the ministers of the churches either speaking evasively, or positively defending the existing state of things; they found expedients eagerly resorted to, whose appearance was plausible, but whose aim was, at once, to frustrate their designs, and to impose on the simplicity of their friends. They found these things going on, month after month, and year after year: their sincerity was offended; their sympathies were shocked; their patience was worn out; and if they sinned against propriety in word or in deed, they did so in circumstances where charity forbids that "every nice offence should bear its comment."

Finally, the slaveholder tells us that we do not know their circumstances, else we would judge of them with greater leniency. But the tale is untrue. We do know their circumstances. We know that they have set up slavery, and are keeping it up by appeals to the record of our blessed Christianity.—We know them to be "steeped in guilt." We know them to be treasuring up for themselves, and for their children after them, the vengeance of the Most High. We know them to be slaves, in their own persons, of the very worst description; for the physical bondman is not so vile as the moral bondman who has bound him. We know that the abuses which are ever on their lips, make nothing so manifest as their deep infatuation. In one word we know that the law of the Eternal is not, and cannot become, the creature of circumstances, but demands obedience, from all men in all circumstances, and in all places of the earth. Talk of their circumstances! Why, if there be a people under the sun, whose circumstances are favorable to the abolition of slavery, were their hearts disposed to it, is it not the people of whom we speak. Is not the political suffrage wholly in their hands? Is it, can they not make or unmake their rulers as they please? They can. Even the man whose votes are many, because he is the holder of many slaves, is not bound by any law to give these votes in favor of slavery. Nay more, if all the professing Christians in the slave

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States were to unite against pre-slavery legislators, this, of itself, would be the beginning of the end; and humanity would not have long to wait to see the end consummated. Here, then, is a peculiarity in the circumstances of the slave States. In other countries, slavery is upheld by a military despotism, or under a constitution so mixed with the despotic, that the mind of the people is but partially expressed; but there, slavery is the will of the people—their free will; they have it, because they choose to have it; and so they stand alone among the nations of the earth in their guilt and their degradation.

Hearing before the Judiciary Committee.

The number of memorials that have already been sent to the Legislature of this State, for the peaceable secession of Massachusetts from this tyrannical and man-infracting Union, is already considerable; others, doubtless, are in process of circulation for signature, but they ought to be immediately forwarded, as the session is rapidly drawing to a close. Next week we shall endeavor to publish an accurate list of the whole number of petitions, with the aggregate number of signatures. From the small number of females who have signed these petitions, it is evident that they have generally supposed that the names of lay voters only were desired. This is a mistake. We have omitted to state, that, as soon as the first petition for Disunion was presented to the House, the Rev. Joshua Leavitt immediately sent another petition to that body, praying that it Disunion petition might be printed, with all the signatures attached to it. Whether the object of this Reverend politician was to identify any body, (2) or to exhibit his zeal for the preservation of "our glorious Union," or to show that Liberty party were still for an alliance with the southern men-slavers every reader must judge for himself. It was contemptible enough, beyond all doubt.—We are sorry to add, that the Rev. petitioner's request was not complied with by the House.

This afternoon, (Thursday,) at half past 3 o'clock, at the State House, the Judiciary Committee, to whom the Disunion petitions have been referred, will be addressed in behalf of the petitioners by Wendell Phillips and William Lloyd Garrison. What will be the report of that Committee, we will not attempt to anticipate; though, of course, we do not suppose it will be in favor of granting the prayer of the petitioners—for *their* *people* must first say the word, before their servants will obey; but we trust the Committee will not stultify themselves, and excite the laughter of all intelligent men, by imitating the "patriotic" fools, alias the "Select Committee," of the Ohio Legislature, to whom this subject was referred, and whose ineffectual and stupid report we have chronicled in the right place, to wit, our "Refuge of Oppression." In relation to the proposed divorce between Northern liberty and Southern slavery, they orally say—"The proposition is traitorous (!) and disloyal.—It is not a thing to be entertained or reasoned upon. The perpetuity of the Union should be assumed—regarded as a fixed fact, not to be debated or questioned?!! What trash is this! How disgusting is such servility to an instrument, which the Committee dare not deny contains the most iniquitous guarantees for the protection of slavery, and the support of which involves the people of the North in the guilt of the slave system! To propose a peaceful dissolution of the Union is treason, says this Committee. To oppose the war with Mexico, with the voice or press, is treason, says James K. Polk. The next step must be, to declare it a treasonable act to deny that slavery is 'the corner stone of our republican edifice!' But, treason, or no treason, our cry still is, and ever shall be—'NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS.' [Liberator 12th of March.]

Mr. Adams.

We take the following from the Washington correspondent of the Pittsburgh Gazette. The voice of the "Old Man Eloquent" will not be heard much longer among us, but we rejoice that while it still lingers it speaks in behalf of liberty.—True Democrat.

The Civil and Diplomatic Bill, and the amendments of the Senate, occupied the attention of the House during the early part of the day, and again in the evening. Some of these amendments excited an earnest discussion, and particularly one appropriating \$50,000 for paying the owners of the Spanish schooner a most unjust claim, as he regarded it. They were slave dealers and had deprived the Africans, who had been robbed of their liberty, of home and country. They had violated Spanish laws in doing this. The men brought here were declared free by our courts. They were demanded by the Spanish Government, not as slaves, but as assassins and pirates. If either, they were not property; nor was any demand made for indemnity, until the courts had made these men free.

The committee of ways and means have recommended a compromise in this bill, and the Senate passed it with great unanimity, but after the remarks of Mr. Adams, but 39 members were found willing to vote for the claim, and 34 voted against it. Never were a few words productive of so much power. Such is the respect for the "Old Man Eloquent."

COMMUNICATIONS.

Murder will out.

This is an adage that will in general, I believe, hold good, yet it sometimes happens that the innocent suffer; and the guilty escape. Perhaps this would be the case generally, if the testimony of the guilty person was to be admitted and relied upon by the court. Hence great care should be exercised to ascertain the character of the witness. No court of justice will permit a man under a fictitious name to send by letter a statement of what he may call facts, and rely upon this statement as evidence, his name and place of residence not being known.

In the Anti-Slavery Bugle of Jan. 15th, I find an article in relation to what some would call a discussion between J. W. Walker and myself. It is thought by many who heard the discussion and have seen the article, that "Observer" must have been a very careless observer, as his article evidently lacks the most important ingredient, that is truth! I do not mean to be understood that he has told no truth, or that he intentionally asserted falsehoods; but that he was incompetent or unwilling to give a true history of the case! We shall briefly notice a few things contained in the article, allowing the rest to remain for correction at some future period, and perhaps at the judgment day.

The first thing that I shall notice is, that in my undertaking to defend the M. E. Church against the attack of Anti-slavery men, I announced that if I did not satisfy the people that the church was anti-slavery, I would then debate the question with any competent person; and the people not being satisfied, I was replied to by J. W. Walker, who showed that what had been said by me was contradicted by facts. There is one truth in all this; that is, that I delivered a lecture, the design of which was to show that the church was not pro-slavery. With regard to the rest, the people unacquainted with the matter would undoubtedly be misled by such a statement. The facts are these: a member of our church had asked for a letter of dismission in consequence of the reported pro-slavery character of the church, but agreed to wait four weeks if I would agree to lecture upon that subject at that time. At the request of several members I agreed to do so with the understanding that if he was not satisfied, he should then have leave peacefully to retire. I did not agree to try to satisfy any other person. The lecture was delivered and although more than six weeks have passed, and he has had frequent opportunities to do so, he has made no such request. With regard to my proposal to debate the question with any competent person if the people were not satisfied, and their not being satisfied, and the intimation that Mr. W.'s lecture was a reply in consequence of dissatisfaction with my discourse, I would say, I had been solicited frequently to say I would debate the question, "Is the M. E. Church pro-slavery?" and my uniform reply was, that question will be readily answered when the man who himself wished to debate it will ask it.

Before I delivered my lecture it was publicly announced that Mr. W. of Cleveland would lecture on that subject. But where? In that place? No. In the same township! No, nor within several miles of the place. Was Mr. W. present at the time of my lecture? No. Did he reply to my discourse, and show that what I had said was contradicted by facts? Nothing is further from truth! At present I shall say nothing in relation to the merit of Mr. Walker's discourse, this may be considered at some other time. What Mr. W. said and proved by the Discipline and the action of the Conference, you may learn from the most careless "Observer," if you are willing to take the testimony of a man who dare not let us know who and where he is. In regard to my having "edified the audience until the last possible particle of patience had expired, and many had left the house," I would say, that though I lectured three hours, it was not generally known, nor do I think it known to any but this careless "Observer" that any person left the house until I had closed, and Mr. W. rose to reply. It is quite possible, however, that Mr. "Observer" left the house (if indeed he was ever in it) before I had occupied 15 minutes. As to patience, I have no doubt but Mr. Walker's and that of his friends failed before I had proceeded far. Indeed there would have been no cause of re-jeering or glorying in it if he had taken it patiently when it evidently was a buffeting for his futility.

With reference to what is said about demolishing S. S. Foster, combating O. Scott, and spending a long time in reading a reply from my pen to L. Lee, &c., I have only to say that if my opponent steps into the track of any other person, I shall not on that account spare him or his predecessor. I notified the audience that if Mr. W. read or repeated arguments contained in the words of the men referred to, he need not expect by that means to escape my notice, that if I was in pursuit of a fox and he should try to escape by getting into a wolf's track, and the wolf by getting into a bear's track, while they continued together and I pursued the one I also pursued the others, and if I could catch them all, so much the better. As to the article which took me so long to read, it is all contained on one quarter of a sheet, and per-

haps took nearly two minutes to read it, and if Mr. "Observer" thought this a long time, it must be because he felt very uneasy under the operation.

And now in regard to the Wesleyan Discipline, which he says I examined for nearly an hour, although told it was not the Discipline. I ask, who told me it was not the Discipline? None other than Mr. W. But why did he do this? Evidently because he knew he could not defend it. But what was his surprise and consternation when I read from the preface the following: "The Discipline of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection of America, Canton Ohio. Published by J. B. Miller for the Wesleyan Methodist Connection. Daniel Gottshall, Printer." Another was handed to me, published by O. Scott himself, when Mr. Walker acknowledged that the reading was the same in every case. The Discipline which Mr. W. was so unwilling to own, and about which he made so much ado, is still offered for sale by the agents of the Book concern of the Wesleyan Methodist Connection, and the identical one I held in my hand had been sold by one of their preachers and recommended as the best extant. It is true Mr. W. on the next evening attempted to make an impression on the public mind that their last edition of the Discipline was much better on the subject of discussion, and that I had no right to use the one I had, but in this he failed, and was constrained to confess that I had applied to him for one of the latest editions, "but," said he, "if I had one, do you think I would let him have it to break our heads with?" A virtual acknowledgment that he knew it would not bear examination. He could not be prevailed upon to stay and hear my reply, though earnestly solicited to do so. The Wesleyan Discipline was referred to, to show that however anti-slavery they were as a church, that the language of the Discipline was not so decidedly opposed to slavery as ours, and the conclusion must be that if our Discipline was pro-slavery theirs must be; but as they declare theirs is not; we show most conclusively that ours is not.

Mr. "Observer" says, "the effect was powerful—intense was the feeling of indignation towards the 'Rev.' abettors of sin, when Mr. W. said that I stood there to plead that under some circumstances it was right to steal babies, and to tear husbands from their wives." There is no wonder that there was an intense feeling of indignation against the Rev. abettors of sin, for every person who had heard me knew that I advocated no such doctrine, that I had not said it was under any circumstances right to steal any human being, or right under any circumstances to tear husbands from their wives; why then, should there not be indignation towards the man or men who, without any foundation, would make such a statement as this! As to what is said about the pro-slavery priest and Mr. Walker's success, and the declension of pro-slavery methodism, it may pass for what it is worth. If the writer had been manly enough to give us his real name, I should think it worth while to attend more closely to his case. But we deny the pro-slavery of both preacher and people in the case referred to.

If we cannot defend the church nor ourselves against the foulest aspersions, without being charged with favoring the system of slavery, be it so; that matter will be settled at some future day. As to my having jumped into my reply (as he supposed,) every thing which I had thought of for a year, I remark, it is quite possible there were some things he had never thought of; but we hope he will not conclude that others are as destitute of ideas as himself.

With reference to my finding fault with Mr. Walker because he did not open his meeting with prayer, I would say if Mr. "Observer" had not been very careless, he would have known that the fault found was not because he did not open his meeting with prayer, but because he stated that if a minister attempted to pray for the slave the church would gag him. I inquired if this was the reason he neither opened nor closed his meeting with prayer, and advised him to make his allegation good, or recall what he had said; but he was speechless!

I now say as formerly, that wherever slavery exists there must be sin connected with it somewhere in some way; but do not think it always chargeable upon the person who holds the slaves, if he does it in obedience to the golden rule, do as you would be done by under similar circumstances. I envy not the man his thinking powers who concludes the physician is the cause of, or is accountable for all the pain occasioned by amputation of a limb which had been fractured by a robber in an attempt to procure the money of the patient. If there is a case in which it becomes necessary to hold a slave for his own good, either in a state of infancy or under any other possible circumstance; all the sin connected with it (I believe,) will be chargeable upon those who create that necessity, whether it be the owner or any one else.

I will close by remarking that if Mr. Walker feels disposed to discuss the question, "Is the M. E. Church pro-slavery?" and we can have the columns of the Bugle for that purpose, (should there be no preserving Providence,) he will find the subscriber ready to attend to his case.

L. PARKER.

Richfield, Feb. 3, 1847.

CAPE COD, March 12, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

For the first time in my life, I am on the sands of this wonderful peninsula in the world. Somebody asked once, what was the most valuable natural production of New Hampshire? The answer was, MEN.—The sands of Cape Cod are the nursery of Navigators. They are only spouted here; for as soon as they can haul a mackerel, away they embark—and by the time they are nineteen, they can saddle and bridle a ship of 600 tons, and ride her down to Canton or Calcutta as coolly as ever man rode his mare to mill.

Nature evidently designed this barren region as her hot-house for the culture of navigators. And she opens to them the perils of the sea even at their own entreaties, so they may know the fate which awaits them. For the storms that often sweep the ocean are equally terrific on the Cape, which is only a flat arm of land reaching out some hundred miles, as if to stay the tempest on the ocean. Nor does the storm abate their zeal, though in mockery of it, it so often hurls their thousand vessels in their very faces on the shore, with whole crews drowned in the cabin, or swept overboard to fester the monsters of the deep. In one storm the family where I now am lost three sons, from sixteen to twenty-eight years old. The distressed father, three days after, went out to the youngest out of the cabin of the vessel, and laid him out with his own hands. The fiendly brine, in which, at the bidding of the storm-god, he had been drowned in his birth, had preserved his form and feature, complexion and expression, as if, instead of death, a gentle sleep had been reposed upon him, as he bounded on the billows. Hours afterward, he seemed as one asleep. Just before he left, he built a little model schooner, which he named "The Bride," furnished with sails, colors and rigging in every part, and giving her into the hands of his mother, he said, "Keep this till I come." She keeps her yet. "I was to keep her," said she just now, with a tear, "I was to keep her until he came." His schooner, The Bride, was to him only an emblem of a more precious treasure he left behind, whose youthful widowhood is still mourned by her maiden associates, as they look upon her pale and sorrow-stricken countenance, with the tenderest affection.

The village of Dennis, where I now write, lost twenty-five persons in the same storm, all but six of them under thirty years of age, and nine of them leaving young families. Truro, close by, with a population of only 1900, lost, at the same time, sixty of its brave youth and middle-aged, leaving twenty-seven widows and fifty-one orphan children, besides tender and distracted mothers, sorrowing fathers and brothers, weeping sisters, and broken-hearted lovers. In the town are more than a hundred widows, most of whose husbands perished at sea. So does the Euroclydon of Ocean sport with those who dare brave his terrors. The shark and the sword-fish fatten on their flesh, and their frail barks, all deserted, are dashed on shore, to bring tidings to their loved ones of their melancholy doom.

As a matter of course, the people of the Cape are as hospitable as they are brave.—One might say of them, in Burns's language on the death of his friend,

"With such a be, where'er it be,
May I be saved, or damned."

And, better yet, they are the freest people of all the Bay State. The priesthood endeavor in vain to enslave them. Most of them are far too intelligent. Indeed, the clergy, as a body, are the stupidest part of the population. I have been recommending to the people to send many of them to sea, as a means of bettering their education and mending their manners. If they would only go to the Grand Bank, or the straits of Belleisle fishing, it might make them more like Peter and those old fishermen, and better fit to become fishers of men. We have thronged houses, but the priesthood generally stay prudently and wisely away. They call us wolves, devouring the flock, and then, like their brother "bairlings" we read of, they flee at our approach, because "they care not for the sheep," except for the mutton and the fleece.

Massachusetts is still raising men and money for the Mexican war. Governor Briggs is one of the champions of Washingtonism, and President of the great Legislative Temperance Society; but he is still helping to get boys drunk, that so they may write themselves murderers, and be sent to prey upon female virtue, and the lives of men, women and children, better than themselves, in Mexico.

When the regiment was shipped off the other day from Boston, one company of shirtless and shoeless wretches who had not received their advance money, refused to go on board. The glorious Colonel immediately armed sixty men with muskets loaded with ball, and then loading himself and others with handcuffs, and other gospel irons, he advanced upon them, and told them they had just three minutes to make up their minds. The poor fellows, surrounded by weeping wives and wailing children, were thus pitchedforked on board, on the points of bayonets, and hurried away from home they are to see no more. This is VOLUNTARIANISM in the Christian State of Massachusetts, under the most godly Deacon Briggs, Governor thereof.

The Legislature is still in session, but for

what purpose nobody can tell. An old lady who reads the newspapers, and watches the events that pass, said to me the other morning, "there is our general court, they come together a most three months ago, and there they're not and not and not, and for what, the Lord only knows." I thought as much.—They passed the annual anti-slavery resolutions the other day; though, as an improvement on former sessions, it was too late to send them to Congress, so that Massachusetts will not be laid on the table at Washington this time in sovereign contempt—an annual indignity she has not failed of before for years. Yours ever,

PARKER PILLSBURY.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, MARCH 26, 1847.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds."—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Special Notice.

The treasury of the Western Anti-Slavery Society is in immediate need of about one hundred dollars. Will those who have made pledges, oblige by forwarding the amount if convenient? If those who have neither made pledges nor given anything to the funds of the Society are disposed to contribute, will they please do so at once!

All the money forwarded will be acknowledged in the Bugle.

SAML. BROOKE, Gen. Agent.

LABOR AND LABORERS.

The Anti-Slavery enterprise embraces the generally acknowledged principle, that the laborer is worthy of his hire. It is true it does not make the application of this doctrine to the condition of all laborers; it is more specific in its object, the destruction of the principle and practice of chattel slavery breeding the express purpose which called it into existence. Yet no one can really believe that the colored laborer of the South is worthy of his hire, without also believing that all laborers the world over, are entitled to a just compensation for their services; nor can any who urge the enforcement of this principle in regard to white laborers, consistently deny to colored slaves an equal right to share in its benefits. Although the Anti-Slavery enterprise was only designed to act against chattel slavery, yet the doctrine it advocates will benefit the laborer every where; for the interests of the laborer are one, and everything which tends to elevate labor, and secure for it its just dues, must benefit those who are identified with it.

It is true—and we are sorry that truth compels us to admit it—there are those who claim the name of abolitionist who do not make an application of anti-slavery principles to those with whom they sustain business relations in community. They have not yet adopted the principle entire, they do not fully understand the nature of christian democracy. Although the testimony of such against chattel slavery is valuable, yet its value is materially lessened by the spice of tyranny and oppression with which they season the treatment of their own laborers. An abolitionist should hate oppression as much at home as abroad—tyranny in his own household should be as odious to him as on a Southern plantation; his entire life should be a living epistle in favor of justice, equality, and the rights of all. If it is not, he injures the anti-slavery cause far more, perhaps, than he is aware of. "Don't talk to me," says one, "about Mr. B.'s abolitionism; what does he care for the niggers when he treats his own hands so meanly?" "I've no faith," says another, "in Mr. C.'s sermons on equality, when he don't practice it in his own family." Such men as B. and C. may hate chattel slavery, may truly desire to see it abolished, but they have not yet become thoroughly imbued with the principles of the anti-slavery reform, and their character at home creates a prejudice against abolitionism. Enlistment and active service in the anti-slavery cause, is, however, one of the best possible means to lay a firm and lasting foundation for universal democracy—a democracy which, like christianity, knows neither creed, caste, nor nation.

There are on the other hand, men who say they do and ever will contend for the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire, but who entirely overlook the condition of the Southern slaves, and confine their sympathy to the white laborer of the North—some of whom we fear, are governed rather by worldly policy or fancied interest, than by principle. If the laboring man at the North would be himself elevated; if he would occupy a true position in the estimation of the world, and clothe labor in the dignity which belongs to it, he and his friends should strive to first elevate the lowest class of laborers, and then for them some of their just rights. This is a course that appears to us to be dictated by principle, or keeping that in the background, by sound policy.

The laboring population may be divided into three classes: (1) those who are tolerably well paid; (2) those who are miserably paid; (3) those who are not paid at all. It

is true that any improvement in the condition of either of these classes would benefit the other to a greater or less extent, for the interests of the laborer are one and indivisible the world over; but which is the most to be pitied?—which most needs to be elevated?—which has been most outraged? It is sometimes asserted that white slavery is worse than black slavery, that the condition of "wages slaves" is less tolerable than that of chattel slaves. A sufficient refutation to this absurdity is found in the fact that the latter are continually striving to exchange their chattel chains for wages withes, but we never heard of the former longing for service on a Southern plantation. We do not believe there is any system of oppression that darkens the brightness of God's green earth, which so degrades labor and the laborer, as does chattel slavery; and this appears so palpably true that we cannot understand how it can be denied. Admit all to be true that is said of the destitution of the victims of "wages slavery," all their oppression of which we hear, rather than that originated, yet when we contemplate the results of these two systems, and see the feeling which exists in regard to labor and the laborer in the respective communities in which they are found, what have we? It is true, the laboring man, even here in the Western States, is not regarded as he should be, not esteemed so highly by some as if his tal-hardened hand was delicately professional; but there cannot be found in any part of the North such a universal idea of the disgracefulness of labor, and such a tier contempt for the laborer as exists in those States where the working man is bought and sold as property. And there is no doubt but that much of the idea of degradation which here—in some cases—attaches to the laborer, originated in the caught-up notions of some of these Southern nabobs who ever and anon scatter their views of slaveholding justice throughout the North, and by a practical exhibition of their contempt for colored laborers, inducticate those whose highest ambition is to ape the manners and adopt the feelings of these petty and contemptible despots.

We will suppose labor to be worth \$1 per day. Here is one class of laborers who receive but 75 cents for their day's toil; another who have but 12½ cents, while a third is compelled to labor for nothing. Which of these present the strongest claim to our sympathy? Is it the man who by moderate toil obtains three-fourths of his rightful due, or the poor woman who by more constant labor is able only to procure one-eighth of what is justly hers? Of these two, the latter, every one would say; and there is not a man of the former class but would be ashamed to stand up before an audience and whine about the hardship of receiving but 75 cents a day, when he knew his fellow-tenant—the poor widow in the third story—was laboring a greater number of hours for 12½ cents. But suppose that instead of the 12½ cents, which, when she receives, is her own, she was compelled to toil without wages upon a cotton plantation, without the right of calling her fatherless babe hers, would her condition be improved thereby? We think not; and yet there are hundreds and thousands of men who will strive to move heaven and earth to procure an advance in the wages of free white laborers, or obtain for them some improvement in their condition, while they permit the millions in our land, to whom the very name of wages is an unmeaning sound, to be trampled into the dust without making an effort for their deliverance. The condition of the poor seamstresses in our large cities is worthy of commiseration; and because they are laborers and labor is degraded in them, they have especial claim upon the sympathy of the laborers of our land; yet inasmuch as the condition of the slave is far worse, and his character as a laborer far more degraded than "wages slavery" could possibly make it, his claim for sympathy and aid are much stronger.

The outrages inflicted upon the Southern slaves are so gross, that when public attention is drawn to them, it cannot but admit them to be a violation of every principle of justice and of right. It does not require a very clear moral perception to enable one to understand that the laborer is worthy of his hire, and this is a principle upon which a far more forcible appeal can be based, than on the alleged fact that he does not receive a sufficient compensation. The duldest comprehension will at once decide that every woman has a right to her child, even though it should be staggered to determine how it should be clothed and fed, and what would be the best agency for accomplishing this. I do not need a very bright intellect to understand that every human being should be permitted to acquire knowledge, though it might puzzle a philosopher to decide whether a person should be educated at his own or the public's expense. So on the ground of expediency alone, those who wish to see labor elevated and the laborer respected, should present the strongest case of outrage, abuse and degradation—and this is to be found on the plantations of the South.

Northern laborers sometimes complain that their wages are too low, and that capitalists manifest a desire to reduce them yet lower. There may be some other causes operating to produce this effect than those generally assigned, and perchance so important that no laborer should overlook it. We believe there is, and we will endeavor to present our ideas in relation to this matter to a familiar illustration.

The Shoemakers in Columbia county receive \$1 per day for their labor; but this morning intelligence is received in Salem, that in all the adjoining counties they are working for 50 cents per day. If the Salem employers continue to pay \$1 per day, they must be content with less profit on their shoes, for their customers will not pay them much more than they can get the same article for in Canfield or Rye-ema. This is not to be expected, for the employers can now find plenty of journeymen in the counties referred to, who will manufacture for them at 50 per cent. less than what they have been paying their Salem hands; so that the latter, if they hope to be employed must reduce their wages in order to be able to compete with the former, and as the expense of sending the work to a distance and bringing it back would be something, they may perhaps get 62½ cents instead of their former dollar. Next week intelligence is received of a further reduction, or rather a complete annihilation of the system of wages; and if the Salem journeymen continue to manufacture for their employers here, they can get but the slightest compensation.

It may be said that inasmuch as the Southern slaves are mostly employed in raising cotton, tobacco, sugar and rice, their labor is not brought into competition with Northern labor and therefore does not affect it. This is a great mistake. The vast amount of slave labor that is thrown into the market and the low price put upon it, cannot but depreciate the value of free labor. The two act and react upon each other. When Yankee skill and industry can be bought for a shilling a day, there is not one slave in a thousand who would be worth the tired he would consume; and the fact that the bill of the latter can now be compared with out compensation has lessened the receipts of the Yankee and other Northern laborers. Labor has a relative value—if we may use the term. If the shoemakers and carpenters of Salem were each receiving \$1 per day, and the wages of the former should be reduced to 12½ cents, the pay of the latter would speedily be reduced, for every one would see the injustice of requiring the shoemaker to give eight of his days to purchase what the carpenter could procure for one of his. If you depreciate the value of the dollar to one half its present standard, the copper coin is worth but half a cent, and the eagle but \$5.00. The exceptions to this rule some of which may be readily named, do not weaken, but strengthen us in the conclusion we have come to.

In conclusion we ask, who cannot comprehend that the fact that there are three millions of laborers in this land who are compelled to work without compensation, does very materially lessen the wages of those whose claim to remuneration is freely acknowledged, and that the degradation of the laborer at the South tends to degrade labor the world over; that the interests of the laborer everywhere are one, and that it is in vain to hope to elevate the Northern laborer as he should be elevated, while the Southern laborer, whose hand is linked with his, is crushed prostrate to the earth?

The Fugitive Slave Case.

The Decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Van Zandt is thus stated in the National Intelligencer:

Wharton Jones, plaintiff, vs. John Van Zandt.—On a certiorari of division in opinion between the Judges of the Circuit Court of the United States for Ohio, Mr. Justice Woodbury delivered the opinion of this Court, that under the 4th section of the act of 12th February, 1793, respecting fugitives from justice, and persons escaping from the service of their masters, on a charge for harboring and concealing fugitives from labor, that notice in writing by the claimant or his agent, or general notice to the public in a newspaper is not necessary; that clear proof of the knowledge of the defendant that he knew the colored person was a slave and fugitive from labor is sufficient to charge him with notice; that a claim of the fugitive from labor need not precede or accompany the notice; that any overt act so marked in its character as to show an intention to elude the vigilance of the master or his agent, and is calculated to attain such an object, is a harboring of the fugitive within the statute; and that the said act of Congress of 12th February, 1793, is not repugnant either to the Constitution of the United States, or to the ordinance of Congress adopted July, 1787, "for the government of the Territory of the United States north-west of the river Ohio."

What is to be done with this decision? Will the Supreme Court of Liberty party—Judges Goadell and Spooner on the bench—review and reverse it? It probably will; but unfortunately for John Van Zandt that Court is not the appointed expounder of the Constitution and laws of the United States, and its decision will have but little effect to prevent the seizure and sale of his property to satisfy the claim of the law of '33. This decision is a most unrighteous one, but we must remember that the Constitution under which it was made is a most unrighteous Constitution, and all of Liberty party's white washing will only make it a whitened sepulchre, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness.

Who is in favor of fining John Van Zandt \$500 for helping a fugitive slave in his flight Canadawad! Who desires to have every one who does the same act fined in the same amount? Who goes for the law of '33 and the Constitution of '89? Let all such step up to the ballot-box on next election day and signify the same by depositing their implied promise to stand by the Constitution, the Laws of the Union, and the Decisions of the

Supreme Court; while those who are opposed to having any fellowship with these works of darkness, would do well, like honest men to refuse to enter into political union with the oppressors of their race. Is it not enough to make one's blood boil to think of the accused character of the Constitution which the fathers fasted upon this country, and the worse than Draco laws that are enacted under it? This nation calls itself Republican and Christian! and yet if we meet a homeless stranger and take him in; if he be hungry, feed him; if naked, clothe him; if to-toss and weary, help him on his road; and he should chance to be a fugitive from the most terrible oppression man ever endured, we are liable to a fine of \$500 for so doing, and this in accordance with the U. S. Constitution, and in harmony with the terms of the glorious Federal Union. Think of it, Children of the West. Five hundred dollars penalty for doing a Christian act!—five hundred dollars penalty for harboring a fugitive slave! for aiding him in his search for freedom! There stands the law upon the statute book of the United States, and has been pronounced constitutional by the highest judicial authority in the land.—The sophistry of Liberty party cannot obliterate it—it is there, a fixed fact; and if it should be inoperative in any section of the Union, it will be because public opinion rises superior to law—because, so far as this particular statute is concerned, Disunion doctrines prevail.

The question of the constitutionality of the law of '93 has now been decided—the fit of the Judges of the Supreme Court of the United States has gone forth, and submission is demanded of the people because they have agreed that what the Supreme Court says is law shall be law, that what it declares is Constitution shall be Constitution. Let those who have manhood and independence spurn such a government! Better far to be branded as traitors, better far to be stigmatized as disunionists, better far to be denounced as Jacobins, than to remain in political fellowship with men-thieves—in civil union with slaveholders.

☞ The New York correspondent of the Cincinnati Herald says: "In the speech of Mr. Corwin there is much to approve. He has taken the position of the Liberty party on the war, which is the only right position. But can the Whigs be trusted? Have they ever come up to their professions on the subject of Slavery? &c."

We don't know who is the writer of the above; he lacks intelligence, if intelligent, he lacks honesty. Corwin took a position which Liberty party has never taken, and the opposite of what some of its leaders avow. Did the Herald's correspondent ever hear of Colonel Joseph Cilley?

And then how innocently are the closing questions asked, just as if the Whigs had not come up to their professions as fully as Liberty party ever did—just as if they were not as trustworthy! Who was it recommended the President when he did strike, to strike at the head and not at the limbs of Mexico? Liberty party's Senator! Who voted for a resolution of thanks to General Taylor for his successful butchery of the Mexicans at Monterey? Liberty party's Senator! Who, by his silence, consented to an appropriation for paying the piratical owners of the Amistad for their escaped slaves? Liberty party's Senator! Who insultingly flung back a respectful petition into the faces of those who sent it him for presentation? Liberty party's Senator! And yet such men as this writer tinkle themselves with the idea of belonging to such a saintly party.

LIBERTY PARTY IN MASSACHUSETTS.—On our first page is an article from the pen of Dr. Bailey, in which he reviews the positions taken by Liberty party in a resolution adopted by a State convention in Massachusetts, and we think pretty essentially annihilates such of them as he attacks. We are glad the Doctor has given something of a check to these Liberty party men of the Bay State.—Goodell and Spooner's fancied transmutation of the pro-slavery y cross of the Constitution into anti-slavery gold, seems to have given others the idea that by the alchemy of a resolution, and the magic of a speech or two, they can convert even history's recorded facts into an hypothesis upon which to build their false conclusions. But a more potent magician utters his "hry, presto, begone!" and the great and glorious doctrine of their resolutions which loomed up into the resemblance of a mighty fortress, is seen to be nothing but common place flurries of rhetoric.

The review is recommended to the especial attention of Liberty party editors, who, we hope, will favor their readers with it.

THE MAJOR GENERALS.—There are now four Major Generals attached to the U. S. Army; Scott of Va., Gaines of Tenn., Taylor of Ky., and Cummings of Va. All but Scott are slaveholders. The President wished to add another to the number, who is also a slaveholder, Benton of Miss., but the candidate was unwilling to serve unless extra power should be given him. We suppose these men by their plantation training are admirably qualified to govern the patriotic fools of the North who are so eager to fight for the extension of slavery as to put themselves under their command. The South long ago said to the North, "you find the men, and I'll find the officers"—a proposition to which the North then consented, and which both parties have since religiously observed.

To Correspondents.

T. B. We are very glad to have the name and co-operation of R. D. Hope E. L. will be on the ground, agreeably to her wish.

C. N. The books have been forwarded. J. P. D. His request has been complied with. We deeply regret the suspension he speaks of.

W. N. D. His article will be published. C. D. F. We are glad to hear the cause is making progress in M. His letter, if published, would crowd out more important matter.

C. N. of S. His paper was discontinued through an error in the P. M. It is all right now—the back numbers have been forwarded. J. H. N. of S. C. Says he has paid \$2.50 on account. It is not credited on our books—when, and to whom was it paid?

A. C. F. We hope her success will exceed her expectations. F. M. G. His letter came to hand just as we were going to press—had not time to read it. The books shall be forwarded.

Charles C. Burleigh

Was arrested, tried, fined, and in default of payment committed to the jail of Chester Co. Pa., for six days at hard labor, for selling anti-slavery books at his meetings on Sunday. Soon after his arrival at the prison, the amount of the fine, four dollars, was handed to the jailor, and he left to fulfill the appointments he had made. Oxford, the town in which he was tried is an exceedingly hard place—not having perhaps five negroes in it—where the abolitionists were never able to obtain a room for a meeting; but Charles, after his conviction embraced the opportunity to talk anti-slavery to the very considerable audience that had been drawn together by the news of his bondage to "the powers that be." The present result of this movement is, that Charles is in great demand in the region round about, his experience is listened to with interest, and his persecutors are beginning to wish they had done nothing in the case.

☞ Among our communications this week, is one from L. Parker in reference to an account given some time since by a correspondent, of a discussion between him and J. W. Walker. He is, of course, entitled to give his version of the affair if he chooses to do so; and if J. W. W. feels inclined to discuss with him the character of the M. E. Church, or if one chooses to attack, or the other to vindicate, we certainly shall not exclude either of them from our columns. In our opinion, however, the very great majority of our subscribers, if not all of them, would be as little interested in an exhibit of its pro-slavery character as in a demonstration to show that black is not white; nor do we suppose they would be much edified by all the proof of its anti-slavery character which can be presented by one who avows his belief that a man may hold slaves in obedience to the golden law of love, and who talks about the necessity being created of holding them as property for their own good.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Democrats have regained their ascendancy in this State, by a probable majority of from five hundred to a thousand. Hope their defeat of last year has shown them the necessity of conforming to the growing public sentiment against American slavery. Don't know whether the successful candidates make much profession of anti-slavery, but have no fear but what they will do as much against the institution as Senator Cilley.

☞ The conclusion of Mary Howitt's Memoir of Wm. Lloyd Garrison will be found in our columns this week. We supposed we published the whole in a number some months since, but thought it ended very abruptly.—We are glad the writer brings down his history to a later date.

SLAVERY IN CHINA.—Slavery prevails in China to a considerable extent. Poor people sometimes sell their daughters as slaves. In Canton there are more than 80,000 slaves. The laws do not allow the separation of man and wife, nor the sale of the children of slaves without the consent of their parents. If a slave runs away, violence cannot be used in getting him to come back to his master.

[See Paper.]

Poor ignorant fools! No wonder American Christians call them barbarians. Only think of it! not to allow the separation of man and wife, nor the sale of the children of slaves without the consent of their parents, and the great and glorious doctrine of their resolutions which loomed up into the resemblance of a mighty fortress, is seen to be nothing but common place flurries of rhetoric.

The review is recommended to the especial attention of Liberty party editors, who, we hope, will favor their readers with it.

BIBLES FOR SLAVES.—Rev. E. N. Kirk of Boston has made a donation in aid of a fund for distributing Bibles among the slaves of the South. He says that no man or body of men has a right to prevent any human being from reading the Word of God. The fact that there are laws enacted against it, whether in Rome, Mecca or Charleston, in no way affects the duty of every human being to do all in his power to communicate the Bible to every other human being. He would therefore encourage the American Bible Society in the work of distribution among the slaves.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

E. N. Kirk is consistent in this; and in order to give efficiency to his donation, and to let him see what kind of devils he fellowships as good Christian brethren, we more

that he be appointed agent to superintend personally the distribution of Bibles among the slaves.

☞ The address of JAMES W. WALKER is changed from Cleveland to Leesville, Carroll county, Ohio.

SAMUEL T. CROIGHTON is no longer an agent of the Western Anti-Slavery Society.

For the Anti-Slavery Bugle. War and Warriors.

BY JOHN B. BEACH—No. 1.

"Justice was ordained from the foundation of the world, And will be with the world, and longer." CARLYLE.

Love, whose fount is the heart of Deity, and whose residence is on every twinkling star that lights the gloom of absolute space, finds not her home among men. A stern Power aways the rod of empire here—an emanation from the heart, not of paternal Deity, but of his immortal foe—king of the infernal shades. Would you know this dread power? Go inquire of Time:—did him read his earliest pages? Unroll those dire records which first began when the blood of "righteous Abel" cried from the ground unto Jehovah.—Trace the fearful story down through successive ages. See Audubon on "wings of darkness" sweeping over Earth's latest realms; before him all is beauty, grace and splendor—behind him desolation reigns supreme; and o'er the boundless solitude the fiend of Ruin claps his sooty wings incessant! See the heroes of Earth, at whose frown old dominions quaked, in the pride of power trample on the wrecks of nations, and bid the streams run blood! See the ministers of death stalk abroad, and red-armed violence cleave down the ranks of life! See Fury wave her flaming torch, and the smoke of temples, fane, and cities stream up to heaven! Go question the muse of History, as she sweeps among the tombs of empires.—Why those tears of unearthly sadness? She bids you mark Earth's conscious shudder as the dreadful footsteps of Ruin go thundering on over Art's proudest trophies of civilization's grandest monuments! She points you where stand the ancient sites of Assyria, Egypt, Troy, Carthage, Sparta, Athens, Rome, and bids you mark those punitive, giant ghosts bending solemnly over the spot! The Genii of fallen Empires are they, whose voices could it come up from the deep mausoleum of ages, would loosen the Warriors' iron knees with terror, and startle the great congregation of the dead!

Oh! Friends, it is the War Demon that has spread all this desolation. When chaos was first bridged by the infernal hosts, and Sin and Death paved a broad way from the roots of hell to the convex of this upper world, then the first to pass over in their train was fierce Moloch, the fiend of War. Ever since has he been raging over our fair planet, and human blood has not ceased to flow. Kings and conquerors have worshipped at his shrine—and run with wicked speed on his missions of ruin. His infernal spirit has crept into the hearts of men, and they have exhausted themselves in heaping curses and destruction upon each other's heads! Love can hardly find a resting place on Earth, except in the hearts of a few who retain the image of their God entire. These heroes of the Lord have elevated the beautiful banner of Peace, upon whose spotless folds, by the finger of Him who is styled "the Prince of Peace," those blessed words of comfort, "God is love;" have been inscribed.

That banner with its holy motto has been sacrilegiously trampled in the dust by an unholy alliance of Statesmen, Warriors, and Kings. In its stead they have reared a gory standard and bid

"Fear and Desolation go before their path, And Famine clog their footsteps."

Fame's obsequious trumpet stuns our ears with their unhallored names. Poetry "lifts her voice to ages" in praise of their "triorious deeds—music chants their dreadful exploits in tones that steal away the heart—history solemnly canonizes them—

"And sculpture in her turn Gives bond in stone and ever-during brass To guard them and immortalize her trust."

Strong and overwhelming is the power against which we contend—fearful are the odds, yet the "still small voice" of Humanity shall be heard above the tumult of nations, and before it the gigantic alliances of Earth and Hell shall be leveled flat as Jericho's walls.

Who, I ask, that fears his God or loves his friend, will tremble to rear again that base yet stainless banner? When the mighty voice of earth to compass their ambitious ends, "let destruction loose on populous realms"—and then

"walk elated o'er their fields of fame, To cut out the thousands that lie slaughtered there,"

"And with these bodies of the innocent to rear 'Their pyramid of glory'—"

Shall one of all those claiming the attributes of manhood shrink to expose the detested, criminal, and the horrid crime! Shall you of I be that man!

I appear not as the representative of any particular sect or society, but as the advocate of God's eternal Truth and Humanity's most sacred cause against a system more cruel than the grave, more devastating than the

scythe of Time, more dreadful than tempest or earthquake, famine or pestilence, flood or fire. What shall I call it?

"An epitome of all the pestilential plagues 'That Egypt knew'?"

That does not half express it. 'Tis a monster of crime—a dreadful hybrid of earth and hell, whose twin sisters are Drunkenness and Human Slavery—a horrid Demon bound.—Do not tell me that these most terrific ravages are past. Do not tell me that it has almost ceased to torment mankind. Say not that it has been exercised from our world. Exorcised from our world! What! know ye not that it even now finds its home in the courts

of princes, the cabinet of counselors, the halls of legislation, and the posts of public honor all over christendom! Know ye not that its staunch upholders fill your officers of state, and its bare-faced apologists are seen abroad every where!

Tell me not that I am battling with a phantom, when I confront war. Men are my theme—for what signify systems without men! War in the concrete we are discussing here;—and my words will be addressed not merely to the intellect, but also to the conscience and the heart. Say not then, Reader, that you are not interested in this discussion, I do not believe it. I do not believe it. You may protest that you have nothing to do with war—you may declare that you disapprove the cruel system—you may spin a long yarn about your "specific principles," but all will not do. If you know the men who spill their brother's blood—if your eye seated those wicked rulers on their chair of state—or if your voice has not since been lifted in tones of unsparring rebuke against their treachery and their crime, then you are the man; and I address myself to you.

San Juan d'Ulloa.

As it is pretty generally understood that the American forces will make an attack upon this far-famed castle, the following description of it by a correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune will be read with interest.

"As from the deck with my glass I swept over the city of Vera Cruz, its ravines, and the strong-hold which covers its bay, and to be impregnable to the combined fleets of the earth—it was with rather a serious feeling that my eyes rested upon this grim, grisly pile, barbed and bristling with its hundreds of cannon. The question at once arises, Can it be taken? Shall we ever see our feet moving up over the expense before we attack it! I doubt it very much. Certainly not with any force we have or have had here. Let people at home prate as much as they please about it, if it is ever done, it will be by a tremendous army of cannon, and a most awful loss of life. The castle of Vera Cruz is no more what it was when France carried it than you are now to what you were a nursing in your mother's arms. There were no guns above the calibre of 21 pounds—and but few of them—most miserably served. The magazines swarmed were not bomb-proof, the powder was of an inferior quality, and that not a shot penetrated the side of a French ship, but at the close of the engagement were struck about the sides of the French ships, like so many balls of mud; and in addition to all this, the commanding officer having been instructed not to fire the first gun, permitted the French squadron to come up and take its position as quietly as though morning to pass the winter season.

Now let us see what time and a severe lesson has effected with this same castle.—There are at present mounted within its periphery nearly three hundred cannon, and these are all 32s, 42s, and 8 and 10 inch Paixhans, there being a very large number of the latter, and wherever it has been possible to train a gun upon the channel of approach, they are planted "en barbette," so that a fleet moving up to the attack must be exposed to the concentrated fire of 70 cannon, over a distance of two miles before it can get into a position to return a single shot. The castle of San Juan fronts the city at the distance of about three-eighths of a mile, and is supported by a water battery at the north-west angle of the city, of fifty 32 and 42 lb guns, all of which, with those of the castle commanding the channel would enfilade the squadron passing up, bows on, from the moment it arrived within range of the shot, until its anchors were down, with springs upon the cables, within reach of musket shot. Judge, then, what a force would be required for any promise of success, and at what an immense sacrifice it would be accomplished, if at all.—The garrison at this moment is composed of 2,000 men. In the event of an attack, they would with the most perfect safety retire within the casemates, which are as impregnable as shot on the sides of Mount Orizaba, and the ammunition of the assaulting force was expended, when they would return to their guns and sweep the waters before them with the most terrific and destructive effect. The officer commanding lately sent official word—that if the Commodore would bring his fleet up, he might fire until there was not a shot left in the locker, and he would promise not to return a gun until the Commodore was done firing.

It is very easy to batter down the castle of Vera Cruz by a few mathematical lines upon a piece of white paper, and it is still easier to language a curious giddy crowd at a corner of the street; to such a tune old women may prattle over their quiet firesides, about our glorious fleet razing San Juan d'Ulloa to the ground by a single broadside, and young bucks and heroines, pressing their faces most che and imperial, may heap invectives upon what is called the "unselfish inactivity" of Commodore Conner—but send these gentry down here and if they have not less brains than heard, they will soon see the folly of such fanfaronade, and perhaps in the ordinary hard service attending the blockade, only be the first to cry out,—"Give me some drink, T-t-t-t-t-t, or I die!"—for there is not a single officer on this station who would not much prefer service with the army with some remote probability of a fight, to the annoyances and privations of a vigorous blockade of Vera Cruz, during the winter months, on an allowance of water, with salt provisions increasing the thirst for a change of times as

far between as angel's visits, with gale after gale sweeping dark o'er the main. There is no enterprise, with a tolerable promise of carrying it that would not be preferable to it. The city of Vera Cruz contains some 7,000 inhabitants, and is situated on a sandy point constructed of coral and mud—is seated directly on the strand, a low sandy beach, swelling slowly into ranges of hillsides of sand, which flank the city inland, and seem to break up the surface entirely between the mountains, which rear their lofty heads heavenwards, in the distance of some thirty or forty miles,—and the sea. The intermediate space is poisoned with swarms of stagnant pools and marshes, which engender the fatal miasma so destructive to life during the rainy seasons.

From Young America.

New Movement to "supersede the Liberty Party."

Under this head, Wm. Goodell, a prominent supporter of the Liberty party, has a long article in a late number of the Albany Patriot, in which he shows, by extracts from the writings of several Liberty party editors and leaders, that there is an extensive movement in operation to supersede the Liberty party. The plan appears to be, to agree upon a half a dozen measures, having reference solely to the abolition of chattel slavery, and tending so remotely to that end that almost any office seeker could with safety pledge himself to support them, and then to vote for any candidate of any party who would thus commit himself. According to Mr. Goodell, the original organization of the Liberty party was not confined to the removal of one stationary form of slavery at a distance, while the evils of another form nearer home, were daily becoming more aggravated and intolerable, but it was designed to remove every political wrong violating the rights of the whites as well as blacks, and by such measures as investigation might prove to be the most effectual for the purpose. At the period of that organization, those who engaged in it had not perceived that the primary cause of all slavery, was the monopoly of the soil, and that the most effectual means of abolishing every form of slavery was the destruction of that monopoly; but this light has appeared and cannot again be hidden. Some, of course, who were very zealous for the destruction of Southern Slavery, were not prepared for this direct method, which would also upset something very nearly allied to it, by which they in the North had been profiting; and hence the new movement to "supersede the Liberty party." Mr. Goodell says, "It has been plausible, all along, to talk of voting irrespective of party," but the bottom line of the policy always is, to vote with the tariff party, on the plea that they are the most favorable of the two," and he concludes as follows:

Be this as it may, the disbanding of the Liberty party, either with or without a subsequent organization of a tariff anti-slavery party, is manifestly the movement now in the wind. I am willing, without looking to remote and possible results, to judge of the plan by what it professes and purports to be, on the face of it, viz: an "ultimate superseding of the Liberty party," by a return to the questioning system, in company with anti-slavery men "of all parties" remaining in their parties. On this plan I have but a few words to say.

I am neither surprised, alarmed, or indignant at it. It is precisely the result to which the Liberty party has been tending ever since it gave symptoms of an unwillingness to redem the pledge given at its organization, and at two subsequent National Conventions, viz: Not to confine its operations to the relief of the coloured man, or the removal of chattel Slavery, but to apply its principles of equal rights to all men alike, and to all the legitimate topics of legislation. I am not sorry that the time has come when it is beginning to be seen and admitted, on both sides, that if the Liberty party will not do this, it must be "superseded" in some way; nor have I the least objection that every anti-slavery man should carry out his own convictions of duty, in forming such political organizations as he thinks proper. I intend to exercise the same right myself, in company with those who think with me, whenever the occasion shall require it.

The question, now before every Liberty man is reduced to a narrow compass. There are but two alternatives before us. We must either go in for the new era of anti-slavery experiment, "irrespective of party,"—return to the "questioning system," and "ultimately supersede the Liberty party" by any such arrangement as may "ultimately" grow out of such a movement; or else we must come back to the original pledge of the Liberty party, whether few or many will go with us, phant our feet upon the old platform, and go forward and redeem our pledge, by defining our measures of political economy. In accordance with our professed principles. As for keeping up a political party unpledged, in those particulars, it is out of the question. The thing cannot be done. I go for the other alternative—Liberty party pledged to the abolition of Slavery by the "questioning" of a republican form of Government to every State in this Union.—the abolition of the Custom House, anti-monopoly, security of home-lead, land, limitation, free distribution of public lands, &c. Who goes with me?

WILLIAM GOODELL.

HONOLULU, Jan. 27, 1847.

Slavery.

A very stringent law has been passed by the present Legislature of this State, in regard to slavery, showing that our old Commonwealth is making great advancements in opposition to the "peculiar institution." It is called "An act to prevent kidnapping, to preserve the public peace, and to prohibit the coercion of public powers heretofore exercised by Judges, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Jailors, and to repeal certain slave laws."

Section 1: makes it highly penal for any person claiming any negro or mulatto as a fugitive from servitude or labor, to violently and tumultuously seize upon and carry away to any place, or attempt to seize and carry away in a riotous, violent, tumultuous and unreasonable manner, and so as to disturb or endanger the public peace, any negro or mulatto within the Commonwealth, either with or without the intention of taking such negro or mulatto before any district or circuit Judge.

Section 5: secures the inviolability of *habeas corpus*.

Section 6: has relation to the duty of jailors, who are prohibited from holding in prison any person claimed as fugitive, except as under the provisions of this act.

Section 7: repeals the existing act, which authorizes the master or owners of slaves to bring and retain such slaves within the Commonwealth for the period of six months, in involuntary servitude, or for any period of time whatsoever, and so much of said act as prevents a slave from giving testimony against any person whatsoever.

Section 8: repeals all existing acts, inconsistent with this.—*Fittsburg Post.*

Section 4: makes it highly penal for any person claiming any negro or mulatto as a fugitive from servitude or labor, to violently and tumultuously seize upon and carry away to any place, or attempt to seize and carry away in a riotous, violent, tumultuous and unreasonable manner, and so as to disturb or endanger the public peace, any negro or mulatto within the Commonwealth, either with or without the intention of taking such negro or mulatto before any district or circuit Judge.

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Section 8: repeals all existing acts, inconsistent with this.—*Fittsburg Post.*

FAMINE IN SCOTLAND.—The following is an extract of a letter to a citizen in Troy, from Glasgow, Scotland:

"We are cast down, though not yet given to despair. We can manage our own poor, (the letter is from the Lowlands) but what is to be done for the 'poor John Highlandman,' I really don't know. He is just now living on winter cabbage—and can you believe it in the Western Islands they are boiling 'cayce,' (a common species of sea-weed) instead of vegetables. They are patient and peaceable—but I am, alas! afraid the pibroch will sound sad in many a glen, ere we are blessed with a ripe autumn sun. We hear of great things to be done by your country, and I hope 'Donald,' will be thought of as well as his neighbor."

A new American paper, called the Mountain Warrior, has been started at Monterey.

Receipts.

S. Barnaby, Mt. Union,	\$1.60-104
M. A. Gibbons, Salem,	1.50-88
W. Kirk,	3.00-104
E. Morgan, M.boro,	1.50-104
R. Manly, Short Creek,	2.00-59
H. Hamlin, Elyria,	1.00-55
C. W. Williams, Sullivan,	75-89
C. Marsh,	50-78
J. Reddy, Lowellville,	1.50-134
J. L. Smith, New Garden,	75-77
S. Foster, Cleveland,	1.50-140
C. D. Fitch, Mentor,	50-103
B. F. Diggs, Winchester,	1.50-118
J. P. Way,	1.50-118
T. H. Hatt,	1.50-118
M. W. Diggs,	1.50-118
J. Smith, Hunt's Roads,	1.50-118
J. C. Mansby, Economy,	1.50-119
L. Swayne,	1.50-123
M. Marshall,	1.50-119
H. Hoover,	1.50
Dr. J. Paxton, Greenboro,	1.50-66
E. Harlan, Hollisburgh,	75-108
A. Dunston, Painesville,	1.50-126

* Sent us by an agent as residing at Middleboro, Wayne co., Ia. There is a mistake either in the name of the subscriber or Post Office.

☞ Please take notice, that in the acknowledgement of subscription money for the Bugle, not only is the amount received placed opposite the subscribers name, but also the number of the paper to which he has paid, and which will be found in the outside column of figures.

Anti-Slavery Books

Kept constantly on hand by J. Elizabeth Jones, among which are
The Fugitive Hope.
Memoir of Torrey.
Faith and Fidelity.
Anti-Slavery Alphabet.
Madison Papers.
Narrative of D. Douglass.
The Liberty Cap.
Brotherhood of Thieves.
Slaveholder's Religion.
Christian Non-Resistance.
Disunionist, &c.
N. B. Most of the above works can be procured of Betsey M. Cowles, Austinsburg.

JUST RECEIVED

A Large and Complete Assortment of PHONOGRAPHIC BOOKS, And also a full set of FOWLER'S WORKS by Galbreath & Holmes, and for sale at the SALEM BOOKSTORE. March 23, 1847.

THE SALEM BOOK-STORE

Has changed hands, and the New Firm having made considerable additions to the old stock, respectfully solicit the patronage of the old customers and the public. They are constantly receiving

SUPPLIES FROM THE EAST, of Books and Stationery,—and Articles in their line not on hand will be ordered on short notice.

They will try to keep such an assortment and sell on such terms, as that no one need have an excuse for not reading.

Schools and Merchants supplied on liberal terms.

GALBREATH & HOLMES.

D. L. GALBREATH, JR.
JESSE HOLMES,
Salem, 1st mo. 28th, 1846.

WATER CURE.

DR. J. D. COPE

Has just completed an addition to his Water Cure Establishment in Salem. He is now prepared to secure to an increased number of patients the full advantages of the Hydropathic practice.

Salem, Dec. 1846.

DRY GOODS AND GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, (Eastern and Western) Drugs and Medicines, Paints, Oil and Dye Stuffs, cheap as the cheapest, and good as the best, constantly for sale at

TRUSCOTT'S

Salem, O. 1st mo. 30th.

POETRY.

From the National Era. BARCLAY OF URY.

Among the earliest converts to the doctrines of Friends in Scotland was Barclay of Ury, an old and distinguished soldier, who had fought under Gustavus Adolphus in Germany. As a Quaker, he became the object of persecution and abuse at the hands of the magistrates and the populace. None bore the indignities of the mob with greater patience and nobleness of soul than this once proud gentleman and soldier. One of his friends, on an occasion of uncommon rudeness, lamented that he should be treated so harshly in his old age, who had been so honored before. "I find more satisfaction," said Barclay, "as well as honor, in being thus insulted for my religious principles, than when a few years ago it was usual for the magistrates, as I passed the city of Aberdeen, to meet me on the road, and conduct me to public entertainment in their hall, and then escort me out again, to gain my favor."

Up the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and close-eyed,
Press'd the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken chuff,
Jeered at him the serving girl,
Prompt to please her master;
And the begging cur, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard
Answering not with bitter word,
Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadsword swing,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
Loose and free and forward;
Quoth the foremost, "Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! thro' the town
Drive the Quaker coward!"

But, from out the thickening crowd,
Cried a sudden voice, and loud:
"Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!"
And the old man, at his side,
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
Scarl'd and sunburn'd darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
Cried aloud: "God save us!
Call ye toward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lutzen's blood,
With the brave Gustavus!"

"Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine," said Ury's lord;
"Put it up, I pray thee:
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master's trial,
Even though he slay me."

"Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed."
Marvelled much that herman bold,
That his Laird so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

"Wo's the day," he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity;
"Ury's honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city!"

"Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly's line,
And his Valloon lancers;
Smiling through their midst will teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers!"

"Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end."
Quoth the Laird of Ury;
"Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord, who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry?"

"Give me joy, that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scolding with the scolder?"

"Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
With few friends to greet me,
Than when rove and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
With bare heads, to meet me.

"When each good wife, o'er and o'er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
And the snooded daughter,
Through her easement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
From red fields of slaughter."

"Hard to feel the stranger's scoff,
Hard the old friend's falling off,
Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord his own rewards,
And his love with their accents,
Warm and fresh and living."

"Through this dark and stormy night,
Faith beholds a feeble light,
Up the blackness striking;
Knowing God's own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest,
For the full day-breaking!"

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse's head
Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron grates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
Preach of Christ's ransom!

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto the tale is told,
Of thy day of trial;
Every eye on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And, while hatred's fagot burns,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the world's wide fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

J. G. W.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE IRISH HEART.

A TRUE STORY.

BY LYDIA MARIA CHILD.

It was a pleasant sight to look on James and Nora in their early childhood; their cheeks were so rosy, their hair so sunny, and their clear blue eyes so mild and innocent. They were the youngest of a cabin-full of children; and though they did now and then get a cuff from the elder ones, with the hasty words, "Get out of the way, you spalpeen," they were the pets and playmates of them all. Their love for each other was extreme; and though James, early in his boyhood, evinced the Irish predilection for giving knocks, he was never known to raise his hand against his little sister. When she could first toddle about, it was his delight to gather the May-gowans that grew about the well, and put them in Nora's curly hair; and then he would sit before her, with his little hands resting on his knees, contemplating her with the greatest satisfaction. When they were older, they might be seen weeding the "paties" side by side, or hand in hand gathering berries among the hawthorn bushes. The greatest difference between them seemed to be, that James was all fun and frolic, while Nora was ever serious and earnest.

When the young maiden was milking the cows, her soft low voice might be heard, warbling some of the mournful melodies of Ireland. But the plaintive tones were rarely heard from James. He came home from his daily labor whistling like a black-bird, mocking the cuckoo, or singing, at the top of his clear ringing voice, the merry jingle of St. Patrick's Day in the Morning, or the facetious air of Paddy O'Rafferty. At dancing, too, he excelled all the lads of the neighborhood. He could dance Irish jigs, three-part reel, four-part reel, or roly-poly, to the tune of "The Dusty Miller," or "The Rakes of Bally-shanny," with such a quick ear for the music, that all the lassies declared they could "see the tune upon his feet." He was a comely lad, too, and at weddings and Christmas carousals, none of the rustic dandies looked more genteel than he, with his buff-colored vest, his knot of ribbons at each knee, and his caubent set jauntily on one side of his head. Being good-natured and mirthful, he was a great favorite at wakes and dances, and festivities of all sorts; and he might have been in danger of becoming dissipated, had it not been for the happy consciousness of belonging to an honest industrious family, and being the pride and darling of Nora's heart.

Notwithstanding the natural gaiety of his disposition, he had a spirit of enterprise, and a love of earning money. This tendency led him early to think of emigrating to America, the Eldorado of Irish imagination. Nora resisted the first suggestion with many tears. But James drew fine pictures of a farm of his own in the new country, and cows and horses, and a pleasant jaunting car; and in the farm-house and the jaunting car, Nora was ever by his side; for with the very first guinea that crossed his hand, sure he would send for her. The affectionate sister, accustomed to sympathize with all his plans, soon began to help him to build his castles in America; and every penny that she could earn at her spinning-wheel, was laid away for passage money. But when the time actually arrived for him to go to Dublin, it was a day of sorrow. All the married sisters, with their little ones, and neighbors from far and near, came to bid him farewell, and give their parting blessing. The good mother was busy to the last, storing away some little comfort in his sea-box. Nora, with the big tears in her eyes, repeated, for the thousandth time—
"And Jimmy, *maurvenne*, if you grow grand there in the new country, you'll not be after forgetting me? You will send for your own Nora soon!"

"Forget you?" exclaimed James, while he pressed her warmly to his bosom: "When the blessed sun forgets to rise over the green earth, maybe I'll forget you, *maurvenne*!"

Amid oft repeated words of love and blessing, he parted from them. Their mutual sorrow was a little softened by distant visions of a final reunion of them all in America. But there was a fearful uncertainty about this. The big sea might swallow him up, he might sicken and die among strangers, or he might experience might lead him into evil paths worse than death.

To this last suggestion, made by an elder sister, Nora replied with indignant earnestness. "Led into evil courses, indeed!" she exclaimed; "Shame be on you for spaking that same! and he the dearest and best behaved boy in all the county Longford. You don't know the heart of him, as I do, or you'd never be after spaking of him in that fashion. It's a shame on you, and indeed it is. But och, *maurvenne*, let him not sicken and die there to do for him!" And, overcome by the picture her own imagination had drawn, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

In a few weeks, came a brief letter from James, written on board the ship in which he sailed from Dublin. About seven months later, came a letter, dated New York, saying he had obtained work at good wages, and, by God's blessing, should soon be enabled to send for his dear sister. He added a hint that one of these days, when he had a house of his own, perhaps the father and mother would be after coming over. Proud were they in the Irish cabin, when this letter was read aloud to all who came to inquire after the young emigrant. All his old cronies answered, "Throth, and he'd do well any where. Divil a man in the ten parishes could dance the Balthorum jig wid him, any how."

* Potatoes. † Cap.
‡ Darling. § Sweet darling.

¶ Sweet Virgin.

Time passed on, and no other letter came from James. Month after month, poor Nora watched with feverish anxiety to catch sight of her father when he returned from the distant post-office; for he promised, if he found a letter, to wave his hand high above his head, as soon as he came to the top of the hill fronting the house. But no letter came; and at last Nora fully believed that her darling brother was dead. After writing again and again, and receiving no answer, she at last wrote to the son of a neighbor, who had emigrated to America, and begged of him, for the love of Heaven, to ascertain whether he was dead or alive, and send them word as soon as possible. The Irishman to whom this epistle was addressed, was at work on a distant railroad, and had no fixed place of residence; and so it happened that Nora received no answer to her anxious inquiries, for more than a year and a half after they were written. At last, there came a crumpled square of soiled paper, containing these words:—

"Dear Friends:—Black and heavy is my heart for the news I have to tell you. James is in prison, concerning a bit of paper, that he passed for money. Sorrow a one of the nabors but will be letting down the tears when they hear of the same. I don't know the rights of the case; but I will never believe he was a boy to disgrace an honest family. Perhaps some other man's sin is upon him. It may be some comfort to you to know that his time will be out in a year and a half, any how. I have not seen James since I came to Ameriky; but I hear that he is well and happy. The blessed Mother of Heaven keep your hearts from sinkin down in this heavy sorrow. Your frind and nabor,
MICK MURPHY."

Deep indeed was the grief that honest family, when these sad tidings were read. Poor Nora buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud. The old mother reeled violently to and fro, with her apron at her eyes; and the father, though he tried hard to conceal his emotion, could not restrain the big tears from rolling down his weather-beaten face. "Och, wo is the day," said he, "that ever we let him go from us. Such a decent lad, and belonging to a family that never did a dishonest action. And sure all hearts were upon him, and we all so proud out of him."

"Father," said the weeping Nora, "I know the heart of him better now any of you does; and I know he never had intention to do anything that would bring to the blush the mother that bore him, and the sister that slept in his arms, when we were both weeny things. I'll go to Ameriky and find out all about it, and write you word."

"You go to Ameriky!" exclaimed her mother. "Sure you're crazed with the big grief that's upon you, *coleen maer*, or you'd never spake them words."

"And wouldn't he follow me to the ends of the earth, if the black trouble was on me?" replied Nora, with passionate earnestness. "There's always kindness in him for all human creatures; but I loved him better than all the world. Never a one had a bad word agin him, but nobody knew the heart of him as I did. Proud was I cut of him, and lone-some is my heart widout him. And is it I will have him alone wid his trouble?"

"Troth, not if there was ten oceans between us." This vehemence subsided after awhile, and they talked more calmly of how they should hide their disgrace from the neighborhood. Their hearts were sad they could not conceal. Day after day, their frugal meals were removed almost unnoted, and every one stepped about silently, as after a funeral. The very cows came slowly and disconsolately, as if they heard grief in the voice of their young mistress, when she called them to be milked. And the good old mother no longer crooned at her spinning-wheel, the song she had sung over the cradle of her darling boy. Nora at first persisted in her plan of crossing the Atlantic; but her father forbade it, and said no more. But her heart grew more and more impatient. She spoke less and less of James, but she sighed heavily at her work, and her eyes were often red with weeping. At last, she resolved to depart unknown to any one. She rose stealthily at midnight, tied up a small bundle of clothing, placed a little bag of money in her bosom, passed and gazed lovingly on her sleeping parents, hastily brushed away the gathering tears, and stepped out into the moonlight. She stood for a few moments and gazed on the old familiar hills and fields, on the potato patch, where she and James had worked together many a day, on the old well, by the side of which the Maygowna grew, and on the clear white cabin, where the dear old ones slept. She passed into the little shed, that served as a stable for the animals, and threw her arms about the donkey's neck, and kissed the cow, that knew her voice as well as her own mother did. She came forth weeping, and gazed on the face of a dying friend. The clustering memories were too much for her loving heart. Dropping on her knees, she prayed in agony of sorrow: "If it be a sin to go away from the good old father and mother, perhaps never to see them again, till the judgment day, thou oh! Father in Heaven, wilt forgive me; for thou seest I can not leave him alone wid his great trouble."

Then crossing herself, and looking toward the beloved home of her childhood, she said, in a stifled voice, "The Mother of Glory be wid ye, and bless and keep ye all." Half blinded with tears, she wended her way over the moonlight hills, and when her favorite cow called as usual for her milking pail, in the first blush of the morning, she was already far on her way to Dublin.

And had James been criminal? In the eye of the law he had been; but his sister was right, when she said he had no intention to do a wicked thing. Not long after his arrival in America, he was one day walking along the street, in a respectable suit of Sunday clothes, when a stranger came up and entered into conversation with him. After asking some indifferent questions, he inquired what his coat cost.

"Sixteen dollars," was the answer. "I will give you twenty for it," said the stranger; for I am going away in a hurry, and have no time to get one made. James was as unsuspecting as a child. He thought this was an excellent opportunity to make four dollars to send to his darling sister; so he readily agreed to the bargain.

"I want a watch, too," said the stranger; "but perhaps you would not be willing to sell yours for ten dollars?"

James frankly confessed that it was two dollars more than he gave for it, and very willingly consented to the transfer. Some weeks after, when he attempted to pass the money the stranger had given him, he found to his dismay, that it was counterfeit. After brooding over his disappointment for some time, he came to a conclusion at which he was educated men than himself have sometimes arrived. He thought to himself—"It is hard for a poor man to lose so much, by the fault of his own. Since it was put off upon me, I will just put it off upon somebody else. Maybe it will keep going the rounds, or somebody will lose it that can better afford it than I can."

It certainly was a wrong conclusion; but it was a bewilderment of the reasoning powers in the mind of an ignorant man, and did not involve wickedness of intention. He passed the money, and was soon after arrested for forgery. He told his story plainly; but, as he admitted that he knew the money was counterfeit when he passed it, the legal construction of his crime was forgery in the second degree. He had passed three bills, and had the penalty of the law been enforced with its utmost rigor, he might have been sentenced to the state-prison for fifteen years; but appearances were so much in his favor, that the court sentenced him but for five years.

Five years taken away from the young life of a laboring man, spent in silent toil, in shame and sorrow for a blighted reputation, was, indeed, a heavy penalty for confused notions of right and wrong, concerning bits of paper, stamped with a nominal value. But law, in its wisest and kindest administrations, cannot always make nice distinctions between thoughtless errors and wilful crimes.

It is probable James never felt the degree of compunction that it is supposed every convict ought to feel; for the idea was ever with him, that if he had signed against government, he did not mean to sin against God. That he had disgraced himself, he knew full well and felt keenly. The thoughts of what Nora and his good mother would suffer, if they could see him driven to hard labor with thieves and murderers, tore his soul with anguish. He could not bring his mind to write to them, or send them any tidings of his fate. He thought it was better that they should suppose him dead, than know of his disgrace. Thus the weary months passed silently away. The laugh of his eye and the bound of his step were gone. Day by day he grew more disconsolate and stupid.

He had been in prison about four years, when one of the keepers told him that a young woman had come to visit him, and he had received permission to see her. He followed silently, wondering who it could be; and a moment after he was locked in his sister's arms. For some time, nothing but sobs and tears were audible. They looked mournfully in each other's faces, then fell on each other's necks, and wept again.

"And so you know me, *maurvenne*?" said Nora, at last, trying to smile through her tears.

"Know you?" he replied, folding her more closely to his breast. "I *culkin naer*, and wouldn't I know your shadow on the wall, in the darkest cellar they could put me in! But who came wid you, *maurvenne*?"

"Troth, and it was alone I come. I ran away in the night. I hope it wasn't wrong to have the good father and mother, when they spoke agin my coming. I wouldn't like to do any thing displeasing to God. But Jimmy, *maer*, my heart was breakin' widout you; and I couldn't leave you alone wid your great trouble. Sure it's long ago I would have been wid you, if you had let us know of your misfortune."

The poor fellow wept afresh at these assurances of his sister's affection. When he was calmer, he told her circumstantially how the great trouble had come upon him.

"God be praised for the words you spake," replied Nora. "It will take a load off of hearts at home, when they hear of the same. I always said there was no sin in your heart; for who should know better nor me, who slept in the same cradle? A blessing be wid you, *maurvenne*. The music's in my heart to hear the sound of your voice agin. And proud will I be of you, as I used to be when all eyes, young and old, brightened on you in warm old Ireland."

"But Nora, *deelish*, the disgrace is on me," said the young man, looking down. "They will say I am a convict."

"Sorrow a fig I care for what they say," replied the warm-hearted girl. "Don't I know the heart that is in you? Didn't I say there was no sin in your intentions, though you was shut up in this bad place? An if there had been—if the black murder had been widin you, is it Nora would be after laying you alone wid your sin and your shame? Troth, I would swear the saints in Heaven wid prayers, till they made you a better man, for the sake of your sister's love. But there was no sin in your heart, and proud I am out of you, a *culkin naer*, and bad luck to the rogue that brought you into this trouble."

The keeper reminded them that the time allowed for their interview was nearly spent. "You will come agin?" said James, imploringly. "You will come to me agin, *culkin naer*?"

"I had to beg hard to see you once," replied Nora. "They said it was agin the rules. But when I told them how I come alone across the big ocean to be wid you in your trouble, because I knew the heart that was in you, they said I might come in. It is a heavy sorrow that we cannot spake together. But I can look on these stone walls. The kind man here they call the chaplain, says I may stay wid my family; and sure not an hour in the day but I will think of you, a *culkin naer*. The same moon shines here, that used to shine on us when we had our May dances on the green, in dear old Ireland; and when they let you get a glimpse of her bright face, you can think maybe Nora is looking up at it, as she used to do when she was your own weeny darlint, wid the shamrock and gowan in her hair. I will work, and lay by money for you; and when you come out of this bad place, it's Nora will stand by you; and proud will I be out of you, a *culkin naer*. The young man smiled as he had not smiled for years. He kissed his sister tenderly, as he answered, "Ah, Nora, *maurvenne*, it's yourself that was always too good to me. God's blessing be wid you, *culkin naer*. It will go hard wid me, but I will make some return for such goodness."

"And sure it's no goodness at all," replied Nora. "Is it yourself would be after laying

me alone, and I in the great trouble? Hut, tut, Jimmy, avick. Sure, it's nothing at all. Any body would do it. You're as decent a lad as I ever was. Sing that to your heart, *maurvenne*. It's Nora will stand by you, all the world over."

With a smile that she meant should be a brave one, but with eyes streaming with tears, she bade her beloved brother farewell. He embraced her with vehement tenderness, and, with a deep sigh, returned to his silent labor. But the weight was taken off his heart, and his step was lighter; for

"Hope's sunshine lingered on his prison wall, And Love looked in upon his solitude."

Nora remained with the kind-hearted chaplain, ever watching the gloomy walls of Sing Sing. When her brother's term expired, she was at the prison door to welcome him, and lead him forth into the blessed sunshine and free air. The chaplain received them into his house, cheered and strengthened their hearts by kind words and judicious counsel, and sent them to the office of the Prison Association, No. 13, Pine street, New York. As James brought certificates of good conduct while in prison, the Association lent him tools, to be paid for if he should ever be able to do so, and recommended him to a worthy mechanic. At this place he would have remained, had not his employer needed a journeyman thoroughly versed in his trade. It is the policy at Sing Sing not to allow the prisoners to learn all branches of any business, lest they should come into competition with mechanics out of the prison. What James had been accustomed to do, he did with great industry and expertness; but he could not do all his employer required, and was therefore kindly and honorably dismissed.

Had he been dishonest, he might have gone off with the tools; but he went to the office of the Association, to ask whether they were willing he should keep them till he could obtain work elsewhere, and earn enough to pay for them. They consented very cordially, and told him to remember them as friends in need, so long as he behaved well. His sister was with him, like his shadow, and their earnest expressions of gratitude were truly affecting.

His good-natured honest countenance and industrious habits, attracted the attention of a thriving young farmer, who succeeded in obtaining the treasure of her warm and generous heart. She who made so good a sister, can scarcely fail to be an excellent wife. James continues to do well, and loves her with superabounding love. The blessing of our Father be with them! They are two of the kindest hearts, and most transparent souls, among that reverent, loving, confiding, and impulsive people, who, in their virtues and their defects, deserve to be called the little children of the nation.

A Touching Scene.
A scene of intense interest is thus described in the New York Tribune:

A crowded audience was assembled at National Hall, on last Sunday evening, attracted there to hear the evidence of *twenty reformed inebriates*, given in favor of abstinence from intoxicating drink. The addresses were only five minutes each in length; but there was a great deal said by each speaker in those five minutes. It was, indeed, a novel sight to behold so many of the once despised and unfortunate class of individuals coming forward on the platform, one immediately succeeding the other, pleading in eloquent tones the cause of their suffering fellow-creatures—those who were still bound by the chains of a degrading appetite—chains which were riveted around the brightest incentives of their being—budding preclaiming the evils of the monster-cure. Intemperate; pointing to themselves as living proofs of what they asserted, and exhibiting in their present condition the happiness of a life of sobriety. As each one of those redeemed men made his appearance and spoke of the misery and awful sufferings—the inevitable attendants of a career of intemperance, and, as each speaker left the stand, it seemed that it was like "Pelion on Ossa piled" in favor of abstinence from the intoxicating cup—that cup which has invaded and made desolate the domestic circle, squandered fortunes, dishonored bright names, hardened hearts, seared consciences, and brought gray hairs to the grave.

There they stood before the people—old men and middle-aged men—some who had been drunkards for fifty years—where they were, lifting up their warning voice to the multitude before them; there they were, and you heard the drunkard's sufferings described to you by those who had actually undergone those very sufferings. There was no fiction about those scenes they described; they were, alas! sad realities; and yet you looked upon the speakers, and could hardly imagine that humanity had endured such; but there was no getting around it; the heart might sicken, but these things had been so. And the cause of all this was told you; it was intoxicating drink. And then the speakers told what abstinence had done for them: it had made them men and reasonable creatures; opened a new life to them; from the very lowest depths of degradation, wretchedness and despair, they had been elevated to a position which their God intended they should occupy. Instead of ill and misfortunes which beset the drunkard's path, bright hopes, enjoyments and happiness were now their lot; home, with its joys, had now more attraction for them than the dram-shop; the happy faces to be found at their firesides, were more pleasant for them to look at, than the bloated countenances of bar-room companions. A cheerful and contented mind was more desirable than one racked with anxieties and cares; the pure drink provided at Nature's table, was a more pleasant beverage than the noxious stuff dealt out by the rumrunner; and to be looked up to as good, useful members of society, better, far better, than to be looked upon as a curse to themselves, their friends, and the community of which they were unworthy members.

There were some among those twenty, who had been drunkards nearly all their lives, and considered as irreclaimable ones. The world had always hitherto looked upon the drunkard as one lost to all sense of his degrading situation; he had been viewed in the light of a necessary evil of society, whose situation was much to be deplored, but for which there was no remedy, no balm in Gilead. The world had thought him a poor, miserable, misguided wretch, void of all tender sensibilities of humanity; whose heart was closed to all kindly feelings and emotions; and that world, in its selfishness, had

* Pulse of my heart.
† Light of my heart.
‡ Dear.

* Pulse of my heart.
† Light of my heart.
‡ Dear.

* Pulse of my heart.
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* Pulse of my heart.
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* Pulse of my heart.
† Light of my heart.
‡ Dear.

turned a deaf ear to the sad condition of that drunkard. It had been the false idea, that the moderate drinker, and he only, could be saved; and he who had indulged to excess, was considered as being beyond the pale of all human reclaim. But these men stood there that evening, putting to flight all such old notions, which the enlightenment of the age had condemned as unchristian and unbecoming the true spirit that should excite men to action in the holy cause of Reform. There they stood, making glad the heart of the moralist and philanthropist.

What would have been the fate of these twenty reformed men, had they continued in their wild career of dissipation, can easily be imagined.

The following beautiful and touching story was related by Dr. Schnobly of Maryland:

"A drunkard who had run through his property, returned one night to his unfortunate home. He entered its empty hall—anguish was gnawing at his heart-strings, and language is inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite—his lovely wife and darling child. Morose and sullen, he seated himself without a word—he could not speak, he could not look upon them. The mother said to the little angel by her side, 'Come, my child, it is time to go to bed,' and that little babe, as was her wont, knelt by her mother's lap, and gazed wistfully into the face of her suffering parent, like a piece of chiselled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly orison; and when she had finished, the child (but four years of age) said to her mother, 'Dear Ma, may I not offer up one more prayer?' 'Yes, yes, my sweet pet, pray; and she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes and prayed—'O, God, spare, oh spare my dear papa!' That prayer was wafted with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high—'twas heard on earth. The responsive 'Amen!' burst from that father's lips, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said, 'My child, you have saved your father from the grave of a drunkard. I'll sign the pledge!'

CHEAP GOODS!
THE subscriber has on hand the following Goods, viz: Plain dark Calicoes of different qualities and prices, small fig. Mous. de laine, all wool, Mous. de laine, Thibet and drab Shawls, white silk dress Shawls of different sizes, Merinos, Coburgs, Flannels, Linseys, Plain striped and cross barred Cambricks, Book Muslin and Book Muslin h'd'k's, Furniture and Apron checks, Gingham, Tickings, Sattinets, Cassimeres, Cloths, &c.

ALSO, Free Goods, such as Gingham, Calicoes, Muslins, Table diaper and Apron checks. All of which are offered for sale very low for Cash or Produce.
C. D. BASSETT.
A few doors West of the Bank.
Salem, 3d mo. 5th, 1847.

WANTED,
1000 bushel dried Apples,
100,000 lbs. Pork,
50,000 lbs. Lard,
10 or 12 good Horses.
HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 28th, 1846.

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
Sole Leather, Upper Leather, Calf-Skins, Shoes, Boots, Sugar, Molasses, Tea, Coffee, Spice, Fish; Cin. mould Candles. Tar by the kit and barrel. Turpentine, Spermin Oil, Flaxseed Oil, Paints, &c., &c., by
HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 28th, 1846.

LOOKING GLASSES.
In connection with Hardware and Drugs, the subscribers have a large supply of new and handsome styles of large and small Looking Glasses and Looking Glass plates.
Old frames refilled and glass cutting done to order.
CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.
Salem, 11th mo 1, 1846.

CHEAP FOR CASH.
The proprietors of the Salem Hardware and Drug Store, have just received their full supply of NEW HARDWARE and FRESH DRUGS.
The patronage of their old customers, and the public generally is respectfully solicited.
CHESSMAN & WRIGHT.
Salem 11th mo 1, 1846.

REMOVAL.
George Ont has removed from the house of Ely, Kent & Brock, to the large and extensive Dry Goods house of
LUDWIG, KNEEDLER & CO.
No. 110, North 3d st., where he would be glad to have his Anti-Slavery friends call before making their Spring purchases elsewhere.
Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1847.—76.

MEDICAL.
DRS. COPE & HOLE
Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions.
In all acute diseases, when called early, and when proper attention is given by the nurses, if they fail to effect cures, they will ask no fees. Residence east end of Salem.
January 1, 1847.

JUST RECEIVED
Directly from Philadelphia, a fresh supply of beautiful plaid Linseys, black and brown Alpaca and Paramatta Cloths, cheap Cassinets and Cloths, black and white Wadding, Plaid French Cloaking, and fashionable plaid silk bonnet linings by
HEATON & IRISH.
Dec. 28th 1846.

C. DONALDSON & CO.
WHOLESALE & RETAIL HARDWARE MERCHANTS
Keep constantly on hand a general assortment of HARDWARE and CUTLERY.
No. 18 MAIN ST. CINCINNATI.
July 17, '46.

DRS. COPE & HOLE
Have associated for the practice of medicine. Having practised the WATER-CURE, until they are satisfied of its unequalled value, in the treatment not only of chronic but acute diseases, they are prepared to offer their professional services on the following conditions.
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